

The Ottawa, Capt. Stevens, and the Pembina, two of the busiest gunboats in the fleet, went yesterday, by an inside passage I cannot trace on the chart, to a point within four miles of Savannah, meeting no obstruction or resistance of any kind. It seems almost as if the passage was newly discovered, or it would have been used before for something beside reconnaissance. It cannot be Wall's Cut, behind Dafokee Island, the artificial channel through which light-draft steamers from Charleston to Savannah used to pass, by way of Callegoee Sound, Broad Creek, and Skull Creek, for that has been blocked by a sunken brig, and piles driven on either side. My informant has no more definite information than I have given, and there is no time this morning to go on board. Whatever be the strength of Fort Pulaski, the destruction of Savannah must have been all the while in our power; may yet be possible, notwithstanding the forces said to be near it. The great obstacle to the advance of our forces—difficulty of transportation—no longer exists, if this be a practicable route, and can be kept open. The Ottawa draws nine feet, and there are certainly transports enough in harbor requiring no deeper water. But does any one know whether Gen. Sherman has any desire to destroy Savannah? The greatest obstacle in the path of effective advance may not be a physical one. If the policy here supreme in control is one of conciliation, it were idle to expect a blow of that kind, which, we must admit, would rather tend to irritate—I believe that is the word—the hospitable people whose good will we seek to secure. By the time we have made up our minds to turn, we may no longer be able to approach, or only able at heavy cost of life, that instant action might have saved. Nevertheless, there is virtue in patience.